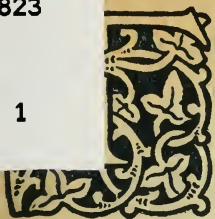


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Shakespeare's Macbeth



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W. M. DAVIDSON

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF TOPEKA, KANSAS

MACBETH.



TWENTIETH CENTURY CLASSICS AND SCHOOL READINGS

SHAKESPEARE'S
M A C B E T H

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

MARGARET HILL McCARTER,

*Formerly Teacher of English and American Literature,
Topeka High School.*

CRANE & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

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1900

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INTRODUCTION.

I.—LEGENDARY BASIS OF THE PLAY.

"We are impressed with the broad sameness of the human lot that never alters in the main headings of its history,—hunger and labor, seedtime and harvest, love and death."

With the accession of the House of Stuart to the throne of England, things Scottish took on a degree of popularity with the English people. The stage, always the exponent of the common sentiment, must have been quick to note the direction of public taste and to present those plays that had to do with Scotch history and character.

While critics do not agree as to the exact date of the first presentation of *Macbeth*, it is evidently one of the popular plays of the early years of the reign of James I. In the diary of one Dr. Forman, entry is made of the writer having seen the play at the Globe Theater on Saturday, April 20, 1610. It was first printed in the folio of 1623.

The sources of material for this play, partly legendary, partly historical, are found mainly in Holinshed's "*Chronicles*." The poet, however, has drawn about equally from the record of the murder of King Duffe by Donwald, and the murder of Duncan by *Macbeth*. Briefly told, the story of Duffe as found in the "*Chronicles*" is this: Duffe began his reign in Scotland 968, A. D. His vigorous measures with criminals, and other reforms in his kingdom, made him so unpopular that there was much complaint of him, and rebellion against his authority was not uncommon.

Meanwhile he fell sick of a seemingly incurable ailing. While to outward appearance in perfect health, yet perspiration of body and sleeplessness daily sapped his strength. By-and-by it was whispered about that no natural illness had befallen the king. Discovery was made of three witches in Fores who by certain ceremonies of their art were wearing out his life. By the execution of these witches the king was restored to perfect health. He at once led an army into the land of Murray to attack a rebellious force there gathered. After its defeat and the execution of its leaders, a new foe secretly rose up against him. For among the noblemen executed were near relatives of one Donwald, a loyal subject and soldier to the king. So incensed was this Donwald by the slaughter of his kinsman that he contrived to have King Duffe murdered and himself to rule in the king's stead.

For the story of Macbeth, a concise and comprehensive account is given by Sir Walter Scott, whose intimate knowledge of traditional Scottish history and researches in Scottish legendary lore make him valuable and interesting authority on these incidents.

"Duncan, by his mother Beatrice a grandson of Malcolm II., succeeded to the throne on his grandfather's death, in 1033: he reigned only six years. Macbeth, his near relation, also a grandchild of Malcolm II., though by the mother's side, was stirred up by ambition to contest the throne with the possessor. The Lady of Macbeth also, whose real name was Graoch, had deadly injuries to avenge on the reigning prince. She was the granddaughter of Kenneth IV., killed 1003, fighting against Malcolm II.; and other causes for revenge animated the mind of her who has been since painted as the sternest of women. The old annalists add some instigations of a supernatural kind

to the influence of a vindictive woman over an ambitious husband. Three women, of more than human stature and beauty, appeared to Macbeth in a dream or vision, and hailed him successively by the titles of Thane of Cromarty, Thane of Moray, which the king afterwards bestowed on him, and finally by that of King of Scots; this dream, it is said, inspired him with the seductive hopes so well expressed in the drama.

“Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan’s life. He attacked and slew the king at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith’s House, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times; but, in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a firm, just, and equitable prince. Apprehensions of danger from a party which Malcolm, the eldest son of the slaughtered Duncan, had set on foot in Northumberland, and still maintained in Scotland, seem, in process of time, to have soured the temper of Macbeth, and rendered him formidable to his nobility. Against Macduff, in particular, the powerful Maormor of Fife, he had uttered some threats which occasioned that chief to fly from the court of Scotland. Urged by this new counsellor, Siward, the Danish Earl of Northumberland, invaded Scotland in the year 1054, displaying his banner in behalf of the banished Malcolm. Macbeth engaged the foe in the neighborhood of his celebrated castle of Dunsinane. He was defeated, but escaped from the battle, and was slain at Lumphanan in 1056.”

So much for the meager outlines of the history of a cruel warring age in Scotland. Out of these incidents the poet has woven one of the greatest dramas of literature. Its interest centers, not in the historical importance of the

play, but in the mental state of the chief actor. Its tragical element lies not nearly so much in the killing of a wicked king as in the murder of a conscience; in the growth of evil in a mind once noble. By a critical analysis of the play we shall find the exemplification of the divine law: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

II.—CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF THE PLAY.

"Our deeds are like children that are born to us: they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never: they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness."

The drama portrays a conflict of ethical principles which is mediated by the subordination of the lower to the higher. In the drama of tragedy this mediation is accomplished only when with the lower principle is destroyed also the individual who is the bearer of that principle. In comedy, though the cause be lost, the individual, by repentance or other expiation, may yet be saved. Both tragedy and comedy admit of further classification according as the conflicts that make them up are developed by external and natural means, or by internal and sometimes supernatural ones.

The drama of *Macbeth* belongs to that group of plays that is based upon legend. Its story, half record, half hearsay, is neither wholly true nor wholly false. It is essentially a tragedy, for the representative of selfish ambition, passing from loyal patriotism to felony and treason, must perish with his purposes. Since he chooses to "jump the life to come," he shuts out repentance for himself and help from that merciful One who, like as a father, pities the sinful; and by whom alone crimson deeds may be made like wool. Lastly, it is a tragedy of the mind, an internal

struggle wherein natural and supernatural means seem blended into one.

The purpose of the poet whose themes were always universal is to show forth the growth of evil in a conscience that will not resist its promptings. The lessons of the drama are as pertinent to-day as they were in that far-off legendary age of Scottish annals, or when the poet framed the drama.

It is not an easy matter to handle *Macbeth*. The tragedy is set in such a lurid light; its hold is upon things of "such dreadful note"; its sounds are so at variance with

"The hive-like hum
Of peaceful commonwealths"

to which we daily give ear, that we call up a sort of courage to face it and follow out its finer meanings.

The drama divides itself into two parts. The first, included in the first three acts, develops the crime. The second, occupying the last two acts, unfolds the penalty. The first division is introduced by the entrance of the witches who control and direct the whole part. Coming on to meet them are Macbeth and Banquo, loyal subjects of King Duncan, victors over his enemies, the forces of the invading and the rebellious Macdonwald.

Note Macbeth well, for at this moment only will he command our admiration. A valiant general, a noble-hearted patriot, a loving husband, there is about him something princely now as he rides home from battle. Let us keep the picture while we may, for we must see him again at the other end of the play, fighting like a wild beast, the enemy of all mankind, his greatest foe himself, his dying eyes looking only into eyes that hate him;—let us not hurry

on from this first meeting. Not so with Banquo. Until his hour of martyrdom we shall respect him more and more. But even now with the sweetness of the well-earned honors these two have won is mingled the bitterness of a guilty wish. At this point the witches appear, uncanny beings, who promise them the very things they have wished for. Had they not come just here, temptation might have passed by. Hardly are they gone before the fulfillment of their promises begins. The thane of Glamis, by order of the king, is made the thane of Cawdor. Then follows the struggle in Macbeth's soul,—that battle that comes

“Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion.”

It is the work of the first act to set forth this strife. Its result might have been a victory greater than any ever won on battlefields, had Macbeth fought with himself alone. But one of two forces outside he must combat: Banquo, shaming him into manhood again; Lady Macbeth, driving him headlong to the crowning of his wicked desire. There is something exquisitely mournful in all this strife. Not more do the virtues of the gracious Duncan

“Plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking-off,”

than do the virtues of Macbeth plead against his own self-murder,—his soul suicide.

The second act embraces the murder of King Duncan, the only crime Macbeth had purposed committing. To compass that, however, two chamberlains must be slain. The loyal subject who put down rebels has himself turned traitor. To maintain this state he becomes a common assassin. The third act marks Banquo's downfall. Two

causes combined for this: Macbeth feared and hated Banquo because he had done the thing Macbeth should have done, but did not do. Banquo stood a perpetual rebuke to the murderer, whose mind was already full of scorpions. This, combined with a bitter jealousy of Banquo's children, and the promise to them, grew to be cause sufficient for the hire of common ruffians to slay him.

The second great division of the drama developing the penalty opens likewise with the witches, whose function again is to set in motion the machinery, this time of retributive justice. But now it is Macbeth—who seeks the witches himself. The meeting, as before, is a turning-point in his career. Why does he come? He has fulfillment now of all they promised him. Brave Macbeth, who as a free man rode proudly back from battle, lives now a cowardly slave. To know his future and to get assurance as to Banquo's issue, he seeks again those ministers of evil whom he fears and hates. They tell him what he would know: that his great enemy is Macduff; that he bears a charmed life; that the sons of Banquo, some with "twofold balls and treble scepters," shall by-and-by be rulers. Secure in their prophecy, he is determined never to swerve from his bloody course. In the last two acts the gathering of an army led by Macduff and the final defeat and death of Macbeth are accomplished. And when the curtain falls, Malcolm, Duncan's son, is Scotland's ruler.

So much for the divisions of the drama and the purport of its several acts. We turn now to a closer scrutiny of the leading personages of the play and the lessons to be drawn from the whole.

The drama is characterized throughout by a two-fold

element,—the natural and the supernatural. In the natural element the characters to be considered lived altogether in the natural world. They saw no witches, nor “air-drawn daggers,” nor murdered men’s ghosts, nor “damned spots” that could not be washed out. Most important of these are Macduff and Duncan. In the former we have the counterpart of the many brave leaders who have helped to save states from destruction. They are the power behind every throne, finding their greatest good in loyal service to their country. In Duncan we find the kindly-natured but weak ruler, from whose lax hold sooner or later the scepter would have been snatched. His subjects loved him, but they did not fear him; a condition in that age of history suggestive of revolt, invasion, and overthrow. The men on whom he “built an absolute trust” were traitors to him. He could not read character well. His own was clear, and he had no proper compass of the deeds of men who spoke him fair.

In the supernatural realm are the Weird Sisters. Half-way between it and the natural realm, tying the two together, is the group composed of Macbeth, Banquo, and Lady Macbeth. They are of the natural world, yet over them is extended the baleful influence of that world of darkness and unreality to which the witches belong. These Weird Sisters themselves are the representation of the external mysterious influence controlling man’s destiny. Their setting is in the discordant elements of nature. Their place, the blasted heath or the dreary cavern. Their entrance is attended with thunder and lightning. They are creatures of the tempest, their companions, the repulsive toad, “the brinded cat,” the hedge-pig. In appearance they

personify the Ugly; strange sexless monstrosities, bearded women. Their moral natures are in keeping with their outward appearance. Filled with malice and envy, they are the enemies of all that is good and beautiful. They come into the play to work harm. With promises of prosperity, they lead men on to nothing but defeat and final destruction of both soul and body. Their power lies in their gift of prophecy, which power we may better understand when we have considered a little further the purposes for which these creatures exist.

The idea that Shakespeare himself believed in witches and their influence over men we cannot accept. Why, then, has he used the Weird Sisters to such powerful purpose in *Macbeth*? They are the embodiment of the sum of conditions and qualities both internal and external that lead men on to evil. Beings of the storm and darkness, companions of what is hideous and loathsome, hostile, vengeful enemies of man in his power for usefulness, creatures to whom fair is foul and foul is fair,—they are the external form of the internal man in his evil desire, his wrong ambition his selfish lust for gain or glory. They are the malevolent power in monstrous human shape that incites men on to guilty deeds and their terrible retribution. How could they be otherwise than prophetic? They speak the thing that man would be; they promise him what his soul is bent upon attaining,—aye, they promise him more; for with the attainment of evil aims is born the power to destroy him who attains, and “crime and punishment,” as Emerson has said, “grow out of one stem.”

One or two points may be noted here. If Shakespeare used the Weird Sisters only in a symbolic sense, how could

they appear to more than one person? We must remember that they were seen by Macbeth and Banquo, and that their promises were possibilities to each man. For Macbeth was in line of heirship to the throne, and, being childless, the sons of Banquo were not impossible claimants to the succession. These two men returning home in the flush of victory were filled with ambitious thoughts—the one for himself, the other for his heirs. On the “blasted heath” as they ride along, the wish to attain their desires by foul means suddenly projects itself externally in the form of the witches. It is clear that Banquo will see them but once, for he put away from him forever their evil promptings and kept his “bosom franchis’d and allegiance clear.”

The second point to be considered is the reason why Shakespeare did not tell us that he used the Weird Sisters only in a figurative sense. To have done this would have marred the whole drama. That we should feel and see what Macbeth felt and saw is the mark of skill in the play-writer. To have disillusioned the audience would have degraded the tragedy into weak comedy. When from our superior insight we are able to give points of instruction to the hero, the spell of the actor’s power is ended. In the very height of ridiculous comedy in *Midsummer Night’s Dream* (Act V., Scene V.,) the person who would represent the wall and two of the audience discourse as follows:

“*Wall.* In this same interlude it doth befall

That I, one Snout by name, present a wall.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition I ever heard discourse, my lord.”

Even the great Teacher himself taught most in figures.
And once He said:

"Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up.

"Then said the Jews, Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?

"But he spake of the temple of his body."

So may the poet leave it to the scholar to find out the truth he hides in symbols.

We come now to that group of characters over whom the witches exercised their art. They are altogether the most important personages of the play. Among these our admiration will center in Banquo, who met temptation, as he met rebels, with his armor on. His was an active imagination. To him evil took on externality in the form of the Weird Sisters, and prophecy was for him as for Macbeth. Their dangerous power he resisted, as all men must who would not, throughout their days, stagger under the heavy burden of their own wrong-doing.

In striking contrast with Macbeth's flurried pretense of grief is the calm speech of Banquo over the dead Duncan's body:

"In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretense I fight
Of treasonous malice."

However much neglected may be the teachings of that Man of Galilee, the world never loses its admiration for the standard of manhood He set up: "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." It was this freedom, this self-mastery, that constituted the difference in the careers of the two great generals who had saved Scotland for its king in the opening of the play.

We come next to a consideration of Lady Macbeth. Her part is a great lesson in itself. Her life has been a fortunate one. The rank of a lady, the social distinction of

the wife of the greatest general of the realm, the undivided love of her husband, the wide sympathies that motherhood alone can give, the great tenderness that comes from having buried a child,—all these were agencies that sought to shape her life. What might she not have been? we sadly ask. What she was, we must at once discover. Her very first sentence gives the key to her character:

“Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised.”

Her function in the play is to supply what her husband lacked, namely, firmness of purpose and self-control. With an ambition equal to his own, she leaps at once over every obstacle to the goal of her desire. No morality of means deters her thought for a moment. Her belief in the Weird Sisters is supreme, for they tell her what her mind is ready to receive. Yet she does not see them. Throughout the first part of the drama her strong will is a bar to the fantastic trickery of her imagination. At once a shrewd and daring woman, she knows her husband thoroughly, and she alone can give to his disposition the bent it needs to make him king of Scotland. But note the price she pays. For a queenhood she abjures her womanhood. For it she stifles love and strangles pity. By this crushing out of her finer emotions she gains, not the courage of a man, but the brutal daring of a fiend. When retribution comes to her it can but overwhelm her who would stop up “the access and passage of remorse.”

Withal she is a coward. She could not kill Duncan herself, because he resembled her father. She fell fainting at the news of Macbeth’s murder of the two chamberlains. Caught unawares, her self-control deserts her. Therefore we can anticipate her end.

Such now is Lady Macbeth. She attains the throne. Will she rule a gracious, happy queen? We shall see. In the last part of the drama she appears but once,—walking in her sleep. Retribution in the form of an accusing conscience has overtaken her, and she must reap the harvest of her own wrong-doing. Her self-control is gone, and she is

“Troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.”

Over and over in her sleeping hours she lives through the assassination of King Duncan. She is the prey of all the Furies of Remorse that gnaw out her life. There is nothing in all the drama of literature more heart-breaking than that sad exclamation of hers,

“The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?”

and the despairing sound of her final sigh. All the deep strength of her murdered wifeness and womanhood cries out against her here. Her conscience working through her imagination destroys her. Self-doomed, more needed she “the divine than the physician.” The manner of her death we are not told, but its cause is perfectly apparent.

The hero of the play is Macbeth. So many elements of his character have already been suggested, that we are prepared at once to discuss it. When first we meet him he is by right of bravery and loyalty the foremost man in Scotland. In his own home he is an affectionate husband, whose loving regard for his wife from first to last never diminishes. This much is to be said in his favor. But the natural suggestion of reward to follow his military achievements, and the fact that he is in line of succession

to the throne, give scope to his ambition, and lead on to the inception of a horrible possibility, namely, the forcible removal of King Duncan. The poet has not told us this, but he has brought in just here the external personification of Macbeth's mind in the form of the Weird Sisters. These first incite him to deeds of crime, and then lead him on to punishment. So every evil choice carries with the choosing, the penalty for the act; and he who holds the assassin's knife in one hand, holds in the other the hangman's rope for his own neck.

Macbeth did not yield himself to the witches at once. Few men do. His was a growth in wickedness, each wrong step making the next a seeming necessity. The assassination of Duncan to obtain the throne, the slaughter of the two attendants to conceal the act, the murder of Banquo to allay suspicion, the butchery of Lady Macduff and her helpless children in cruel spite,—what a chain of guilt has been forged out of that first yielding to a temptation born of wicked ambition! And he who saved the state grows enemy to all within its borders.

Throughout the first part of the drama the imagination of Macbeth controlled him. Daggers of air and ghosts of dead men murdered were before his eyes. Agony of mind, fever-sickness of soul, the galling slavery of sin,—these were his daily portion. In the second part the imagination loses its hold. After the visit to the Weird Sisters, remorse is throttled, and there will be for him "no more sights." As Lady Macbeth declines in self-control and grows in feverish fancy, her husband shuts off all apparitions and steels himself to play his desperate part to the end.

The first promise of the witches was promotion. The

second promise was security; the security that would destroy him. His was a double destruction: the external retribution that overwhelmed him when Birnam wood came to Dunsinane; and the internal retribution that attended him all the way. For he died many times before his death. Life was for him but "a walking shadow," "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury," and he was "awearied of the sun" long before Macduff's sword had run him through.

So clearly has the poet put this magnificent drama that its teachings hardly need to be cited. It is a tragedy of the imagination. This was the power that deluded Macbeth and destroyed his wife. Over it Banquo triumphed, and thus became mightier than "he that taketh a city." The play is marked by the absence of love. In the dreadful deeds of this tragedy tenderness and sympathy have no place, for Shakespeare does not violate harmony of motive or action. The surety of the great law of retribution both external and internal, the growth of evil action, the curse of giving lodgment to evil thoughts, the penalty of wavering purpose to the right, the price of ineffectual dependent kingship, the outward success that bankrupts the soul, the need of constant self-mastery,—these are universal themes as true in their teachings to-day as they were when Scotland shuddered at a tyrant's cruelty. For the world has not yet lost its Macbeths nor Duncans nor Banquos. And that man is still the greatest sovereign, who, God helping him, can righteously rule the kingdom of his own soul.

MARGARET HILL McCARTER.

OCTOBER, 1900.



MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

MALOOLM,	}	His sons.
DONALBAIN,	}	

MACBETH,	}	Generals of the king's
BANQUO,	}	army.

MACDUFF,	}	
LENNOX,	}	Noblemen of Scotland.
ROSS,	}	
MENTEITH,	}	
ANGUS,	}	
CAITHNESS,	}	

FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.

Young SIWARD, his Son.

SEYTON, an Officer attending on Macbeth.

Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Sergeant.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and
Messengers.

SCENE: Scotland; England.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Desert Place.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Second Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

Second Witch. Paddock calls.

Third Witch. Anon.

10

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Camp near Forres.*

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Duncan. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Malcolm. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil

As thou didst leave it.

Sergeant. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that 10
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak;
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carv'd out his passage
Till he fac'd the slave; 20
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Duncan. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sergeant. As whence the sun gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels, 30
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Duncan. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sergeant. Yes;

As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—

40

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Duncan. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.—Go get him surgeons.

[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Malcolm. The worthy thane of Ross.

Lennox. What a haste looks through his eyes! So
should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Duncan. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,

50

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Duncan. Great happiness!

Ross.

That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men

60

Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Duncan. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Duncan. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Second Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd. 'Give me,'
quoath I:

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

10

Second Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Second Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum! 30
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macbeth. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these 40
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Second Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter! 50

Banquo. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth, Are ye fantastical, or that indeed Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner You greet with present grace and great prediction Of noble having and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not. If you can look into the seeds of time, And say which grain will grow and which will not, Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60 Your favors nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Second Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none: So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: 70 By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis; But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives, A prosperous gentleman; and to be king Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*]

Banquo. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd? 80

Macbeth. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Banquo. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.

Banquo. You shall be a king.

Macbeth. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Banquo. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and ANGUS.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads 90
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Angus.

We are sent 100

To give thee from our royal master thanks;

Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Banquo. What, can the devil speak true?

Macbeth. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress
me

In borrow'd robes?

Angus. Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life 110
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macbeth. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?

Banquo. That trusted home 120
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macbeth. [Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
[Aside] This supernatural soliciting 130
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function 140
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Banquo. Look how our partner's rapt.

Macbeth. [Aside] If chance will have me king, why,
chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Banquo. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macbeth. [Aside] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Banquo. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macbeth. Give me your favour: my dull brain was
wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains 150
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.—

Think upon what hath chanc'd, and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Banquo.

Very gladly.

Macbeth. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Forres. The Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LEN-
NOX, and Attendants.

Duncan. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Malcolm.

My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 't were a careless trifle.

10

Duncan.

There 's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,

That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

20

Macbeth. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Duncan. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

30

Banquo. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Duncan. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

40

Macbeth. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you.
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;

So humbly take my leave.

Duncan.

My worthy Cawdor!

Macbeth. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is
a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!

50

Let not light see my black and deep desires:

The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be

Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.*

Duncan. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;

It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,

Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:

It is a peerless kinsman.

[*Flourish. Excunt.*

SCENE V. *Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady Macbeth [*Reads*]. *They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shall be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be

13

What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;' ²¹
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Messenger. The king comes here to-night.

Lady Macbeth.

Thou 'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,

³⁰

Would have inform'd for preparation.

Messenger. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming.

One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady Macbeth.

Give him tending;

He brings great news.

[*Exit Messenger.*

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits

Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macbeth. We will speak further.

Lady Macbeth.

Only look up clear;

To alter favor ever is to fear:

70

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeth's Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DON-
ALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS,
and Attendants.*

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo.

This guest of summer,

The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Duncan.

See, see, our honor'd hostess! 10

The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ield us for your pains
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady Macbeth.

All our service

In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Duncan. Where's the thane of Cawdor? ²⁰
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guests to-night.

Lady Macbeth. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Duncan. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him. ³⁰
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Macbeth's Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were
well

It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

10

20

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady Macbeth. He has almost supp'd: why have you
left the chamber?

Macbeth. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady Macbeth. Know you not he has? 30

Macbeth. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady Macbeth. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

40

Macbeth. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady Macbeth. What beast was 't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

50

Macbeth. If we should fail?

Lady Macbeth.

We fail.

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macbeth. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady Macbeth. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macbeth. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Court of Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him.

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?

Fleance. The moon is down, I have not heard the clock.

Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.

Fleance. I take 't, 't is later, sir.

Banquo. Hold, take my sword.—There 's husbandry in
heaven;

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.—

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.—

Who 's there?

10

Macbeth. A friend.

Banquo. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's abed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices.

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up

In measureless content.

Macbeth.

Being unprepar'd,

Our will became the servant to defect,

Which else should free have wrought.

Banquo.

All 's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

20

To you they have show'd some truth.

Macbeth.

I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.

Banquo.

At your kind'st leisure.

Macbeth. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 't is,

It shall make honour for you.

Banquo.

So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,

I shall be counsell'd.

Macbeth.

Good repose the while!

Banquo. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

30

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*

Macbeth. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—

[*Exit Servant.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand?—Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

40

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.—

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse 50
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat he lives: 60
Words to the heat of deeds too cool breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.—
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. That which hath made them drunk hath
made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark!
Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugg'd their
possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live or die.

Macbeth. [Within] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady Macbeth. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 't is not done. The attempt and not the deed ¹⁰

Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband!

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear
a noise?

Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream and the crickets
cry.

Did not you speak?

Macbeth. When?

Lady Macbeth. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Lady Macbeth. Ay.

Macbeth. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.

Macbeth. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.* ²⁰

Lady Macbeth. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one
cried 'Murther!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them

Again to sleep.

Lady Macbeth. There are two lodg'd together.

Macbeth. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say 'Amen'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady Macbeth. Consider it not so deeply. 30

Macbeth. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

Lady Macbeth. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady Macbeth. What do you mean? 40

Macbeth. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady Macbeth. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooins with blood.

Macbeth. I'll go no more: 50

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady Macbeth.

Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures; 't is the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;

For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macbeth.

Whence is that knocking?

How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 60

Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,

Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your colour; but I
shame

To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a
knocking

At the south entry: retire we to our chamber.

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it, then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark!
more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us 70

And show us to be watchers. Be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

Macbeth. To know my deed, 't were best not know my-
self. [*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Same.*

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here 's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who 's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.—[*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

Macduff. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, ²⁰
That you do lie so late?

Porter. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

Macduff. Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Lennox. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macbeth. Good morrow, both.

Macduff. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macbeth. Not yet.

Macduff. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macbeth. I'll bring you to him.

Macduff. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 't is one. 50

Macbeth. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macduff. I'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [Exit.

Lennox. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macbeth. He does: he did appoint so.

Lennox. The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confus'd events
New hatch'd to the woeful time; the obscure bird 40
Clamour'd the livelong night; some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macbeth. 'T was a rough night.

Lennox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macduff. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Lennox. }
Macbeth. } What's the matter?

Macduff. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macbeth. What is 't you say? the life? 50

Lennox. Mean you his majesty?

Macduff. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder and treason!—
Banquo and Donalbain!—Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites, 60
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell. [*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macduff. O gentle lady,

'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo!

Our royal master's murder'd.

Lady Macbeth.

Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Banquo. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

71

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX.

Macbeth. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Donalbain. What is amiss?

Macbeth. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd,—the very source of it is stopp'd.

80

Macduff. Your royal father's murther'd.

Malcolm.

O, by whom?

Lennox. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't.
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macbeth. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macduff. Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:

90

The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,
 And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
 For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers,
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart
 Courage to make's love known?

Lady Macbeth. Help me hence, ho! 100

Macduff. Look to the lady.

Malcolm. [*Aside to Donalbain*] Why do we hold our
 tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

Donalbain. [*Aside to Malcolm*] What should be spoken
 here, where our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?

Let's away;

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Malcolm. [*Aside to Donalbain*] Nor our strong sorrow
 Upon the foot of motion.

Banquo.

Look to the lady:—

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence

Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight

Of treasonous malice.

Macduff.

And so do I.

All.

So all.

Macbeth. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
 And meet i' the hall together.

All.

Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.]

Malcolm. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office

Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Donalbain. To Ireland, I: our separated fortune 120
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Malcolm. This murtherous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Without the Castle.*

Enter Ross and an old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 't is day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old Man.

'T is unnatural, 10

Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old Man. 'T is said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff.— 20

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macduff. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macduff. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macduff. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:

Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

30

Macduff. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macduff. Carried to Colme-kill,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macduff. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macduff. Well, may you see things well done there:
adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old Man. God's benison go with you, and with those ⁴⁰
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Banquo. Thou hast it now,—king, Cawdor, Glamis,
all.—

As the weird women promis'd, and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for 't. Yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more. 10

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king; LADY MACBETH, as queen; LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macbeth. Here's our chief guest.

Lady Macbeth. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macbeth. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Banquo. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macbeth. Ride you this afternoon?

Banquo. Ay, my good lord. 19

Macbeth. We should have else desir'd your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Banquo. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macbeth. Fail not our feast.

Banquo. My lord, I will not.

Macbeth. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing 30
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Banquo. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

Macbeth. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.— [Exit Banquo. 40

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!

[Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Attendant. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macbeth. Bring them before us.— [*Exit Attendant.*

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much he dares, ⁵
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown, ⁶⁰
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list, ⁷⁰
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.—

[*Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Murderer. It was, so please your highness.

Macbeth.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you, 80
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Murderer.

You made it known to us.

Macbeth. I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours forever?

First Murderer.

We are men, my liege. 90

Macbeth. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men. 100
Now if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't,

And I will put that business in your bosoms,
 Whose execution takes your enemy off,
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in this life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

Second Murderer. I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
 I do to spite the world.

First Murderer. And I another 110
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it or be rid on 't.

Macbeth. Both of you
 Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Murderers. True, my lord.

Macbeth. So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life: and though I could
 With barefac'd power sweep him from my sight
 And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
 For certain friends that are both his and mine, 120
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
 Who I myself struck down: and thence it is,
 That I to your assistance do make love,
 Masking the business from the common eye
 For sundry weighty reasons.

Second Murderer. We shall, my lord,
 Perform what you command us.

First Murderer. Though our lives—

Macbeth. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
 hour at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint with you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night, 139
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

Both Murderers. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macbeth. I'll call upon you straight: abide within. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight, 140
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Same. Another Room.*

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady Macbeth. Is Banquo gone from court?

Servant. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady Macbeth. Say to the king, I would attend his
leisure

For a few words.

Servant. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady Macbeth. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,

Using those thoughts which should indeed have died 10
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macbeth. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, 20
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady Macbeth. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macbeth. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; 30
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady Macbeth. You must leave this.

Macbeth. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady Macbeth. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macbeth. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown 40
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady Macbeth. What's to be done?

Macbeth. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens, and the crow 50
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Park near the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

First Murderer. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Murderer. Macbeth.

Second Murderer. He needs not our mistrust, since he
delivers

Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.

First Murderer. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches

The subject of our watch.

Third Murderer. Hark! I hear horses.

Banquo. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!

Second Murderer. Then 't is he: the rest

That are within the note of expectation 10

Already are i' the court.

First Murderer. His horses go about.

Third Murderer. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Second Murderer. A light, a light!

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.

Third Murderer. 'T is he.

First Murderer. Stand to 't.

Banquo. It will be rain to-night.

First Murderer. Let it come down.

[They set upon Banquo.]

Banquo. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave!— [*Dies. Fleance escapes.*]

Third Murderer. Who did strike out the light?

First Murderer. Was 't not the way?

Third Murderer. There's but one down; the son is fled.

Second Murderer. We have lost

Best half of our affair. 21

First Murderer. Well, let's away and say how much is
done. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Hall in the Palace.*

*A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH,
ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macbeth. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macbeth. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady Macbeth. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends;

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer appears at the door.

Macbeth. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks.—

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst.

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure 10

The table round.—[*Approaching the door*] There 's blood
upon thy face.

Murderer. 'T is Banquo's then.

Macbeth. 'T is better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatch'd?

Murderer. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for
him.

Macbeth. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he 's
good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,

Thou art the nonpareil.

Murderer. Most royal sir,

Fleance is scap'd. 20

Macbeth. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again: I had else
been perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

As broad and general as the casing air;

But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

Murderer. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.

Macbeth. Thanks for that.

[*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed, 30
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Erit Murderer.*]

Lady Macbeth. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while't is a-making,
'T is given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macbeth. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Lennox. May't please your highness sit.
[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*]

Macbeth. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present; 41
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

Macbeth. The table's full.

Lennox. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macbeth. Where?

Lennox. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves
your highness?

Macbeth. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macbeth. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me. 50

Ross. Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

Lady Macbeth. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often
thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macbeth. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady Macbeth. O proper stuff! 60

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macbeth. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.— 70
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost vanishes.

Lady Macbeth. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady Macbeth.

Fie, for shame!

Macbeth. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden
time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

80

Lady Macbeth.

My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

Macbeth.

I do forget.—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine, fill full.—
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,
And all to all.

90

Lords.

Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macbeth. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide
thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady Macbeth.

Think of this, good peers,

But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macbeth. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

100

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Why, so: being gone,

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady Macbeth. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting,

With most admir'd disorder.

Macbeth.

Can such things be,

110

And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross.

What sights, my lord?

Lady Macbeth. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
and worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good night:

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

Lennox.

Good night; and better health

120

Attend his majesty!

Lady Macbeth.

A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.*]

Macbeth. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak; 123
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady Macbeth. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macbeth. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person

At our great bidding?

Lady Macbeth. Did you send to him, sir?

Macbeth. I hear it by the way, but I will send: 130

There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd. 140

Lady Macbeth. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macbeth. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

Hecate. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done 10
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend 20
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know security

Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' etc.*

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,

Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.

First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be

back again. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Forres. The Palace.*

Enter LENNOX and another Lord.

Lennox. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I say

Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead;

And the right-vaillant Banquo walk'd too late;

Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd.

For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain

To kill their gracious father? damned fact!

10

How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight

In pious rage the two delinquents tear,

That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;

For 't would have angered any heart alive

To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,

He has borne all things well: and I do think

That had he Duncan's sons under his key—

As, an 't please heaven, he shall not—they should find

What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.

20

But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear

Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward;
That by help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours;
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Lennox. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,'
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

Lennox. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Cavern. In the Middle, a Boiling Cauldron.*
Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Second Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

Third Witch. Harpier cries,—'t is time, 't is time.

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

10

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

20

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

30

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hecate. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

40

[*Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' etc. Hecate retires.*]

Second Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags!
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macbeth. I conjure you, by that which you profess,

50

Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
 Though you untie the winds and let them fight
 Against the churches; though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up;
 Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown down;
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
 Of nature's germens tumble all together,
 Even till destruction sicken; answer me
 To what I ask you.

30

First Witch. Speak.

Second Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our
 mouths,
 Or from our masters.

Macbeth. Call 'em; let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
 Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
 From the murtherer's gibbet throw
 Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
 Thysself and office deftly show!

Thunder. *First Apparition: an armed Head.*

Macbeth. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought:
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

70

First Apparition. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! be-
 ware Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough.

[*Descends.*

Macbeth. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks :
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright : but one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded : here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition : a bloody Child.

Second Apparition. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !

Macbeth. Had I three ears, I'd heard thee.

Second Apparition. Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh
to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born 80
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

Macbeth. Then live, Macduff : what need I fear of thee ?
But yet I 'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder. Third Apparition : a Child crowned, with a tree
in his hand.*

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third Apparition. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no
care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are : 31
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.

Macbeth. That will never be :

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me,—if your art
Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

109

All. Seek to know no more.

Macbeth. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

First Witch. Show! [*Hautboys.*

Second Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

110

*A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand;
Banquo's Ghost following.*

Macbeth. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs.—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth!—Start, eyes!—
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom!—
Another yet!—A seventh!—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight!—Now I see 't is true;

120

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.— [*Apparitions vanish.*

What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights:

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round,

130

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*

Macbeth. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious
hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—

Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Lennox. What's your grace's will?

Macbeth. Saw you the weird sisters?

Lennox. No, my lord.

Macbeth. Came they not by you?

Lennox. No indeed, my lord.

Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear

The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

140

Lennox. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you
word

Macduff is fled to England.

Macbeth. Fled to England!

Lennox. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise, 150
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Ross.

Lady Macduff. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

Lady Macduff. He had none;
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Lady Macduff. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10

Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear, 20
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

Lady Macduff. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [Exit.

Lady Macduff. Sirrah, your father's dead: 30
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

Lady Macduff. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

Lady Macduff. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net
nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not
set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

Lady Macduff. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

Lady Macduff. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

41

Lady Macduff. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

Lady Macduff. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

Lady Macduff. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

Lady Macduff. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

50

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

Lady Macduff. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Lady Macduff. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

Lady Macduff. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

59

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

Lady Macduff. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you
known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty, 70
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*

Lady Macduff. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

First Murderer. Where is your husband?

Lady Macduff. I hope, in no place so unsanctified 80
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Murderer. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

First Murderer. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murther!'*

Exeunt Murderers, following her.

SCENE III. *England. Before the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Malcolm. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Malcolm. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 10
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macduff. I am not treacherous.

Malcolm. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon; 20
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macduff. I have lost my hopes.

Malcolm. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left your wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think. 30

Macduff. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Malcolm. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash 40
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands; but for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macduff. What should he be?

Malcolm. It is myself I mean; in whom I know 50
All the particulars of vice so grafted

That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macduff. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Malcolm. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none, 69
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macduff. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours; you may 70
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Malcolm. With this there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,

I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

80

Macduff. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

90

Malcolm. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it in many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macduff. O Scotland, Scotland!

100

Malcolm. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macduff. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne

By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 119
Died every day she liv'd.—Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Malcolm. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above 120
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking 129
Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine and my poor country's to command;
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macduff. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Malcolm. Well, more anon.—Comes the king forth, I
pray you? 140

Doctor. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Malcolm. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

Macduff. What's the disease he means?

Malcolm. 'T is call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people, 150
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers; and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macduff. See, who comes here?

Malcolm. My countryman; but yet I know him not. 160

Macduff. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Malcolm. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell 170
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macduff. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Malcolm. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macduff. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macduff. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macduff. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macduff. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings 181
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.

Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Malcolm. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither; gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macduff. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macduff. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macduff. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Malcolm. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break. 210

Macduff. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all.

That could be found.

Macduff. And I must be from thence!—

My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Malcolm. Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macduff. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—All?

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Malcolm. Dispute it like a man.

Macduff. I shall do so; 220

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Malcolm. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macduff. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes, 230
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Malcolm.

This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;

The night is long that never finds the day.

240

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting Gentlewoman.

Doctor. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say? ¹¹

Gentlewoman. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor. You may to me, and 't is most meet you should.

Gentlewoman. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doctor. How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command. 20

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet here 's a spot.

Doctor. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly. ³⁰

Lady Macbeth. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: two: why, then 't is time to do 't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting. 41

Doctor. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady Macbeth. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged. 50

Gentlewoman. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor. Well, well, well, —

Gentlewoman. Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady Macbeth. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave. 60

Doctor. Even so?

Lady Macbeth. To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate; come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed! [*Exit.*

Doctor. Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

Doctor. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.— 70
God, God forgive us all!—Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman.

Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Country near Dunsinane.*

Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS,
LENNOX, and Soldiers.

Menteith. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.

Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Angus. Near Birnam wood •
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caithness. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Lennox. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood. 10

Menteith. What does the tyrant?

Caithness. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Angus. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief. 20

Menteith. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caithness. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge

Each drop of us.

Lennox. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. 30
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. 10

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Servant. There is ten thousand—

Macbeth. Geese, villain?

Servant. Soldiers, sir.

Macbeth. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Servant. The English forces, so please you.

Macbeth. Take thy face hence.— [*Exit Servant.*]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push 20

Will cheer me ever, or dis-ease me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Seyton. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macbeth. What news more? ³⁰

Seyton. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macbeth. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be
hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Seyton. 'T is not needed yet.

Macbeth. I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macbeth. Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siward. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Malcolm. 'T is his main hope; 10
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macduff. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siward. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate; 20
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the Castle.*

*Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drum and
colours.*

Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come!' Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*]

What is that noise?

Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*

Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd 10
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, 20
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Messenger. Gracious my lord, 30
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macbeth.

Well, say, sir.

Messenger. 'As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macbeth.

Liar and slave!

Messenger. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile you may see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macbeth.

If thou speak'st false,

Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—

49

I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be aweary of the sun.

And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.— 50
Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the Castle.*

*Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MAC-
DUFF, and their Army, with boughs.*

Malcolm. Now near enough: your leavy screens throw
down,

And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle; worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,

According to our order.

Siward. Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,

Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macduff. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Young Siward. What is thy name?

Macbeth. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Young Siward. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name
Than any is in hell.

Macbeth. My name's Macbeth.

Young Siward. The devil himself could not pronounce
a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macbeth. No, nor more fearful. ⁹

Young Siward. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my
sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*

Macbeth. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macduff. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; ²⁰
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*]

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siward. This way, my lord. The castle's gently render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Malcolm. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siward. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macbeth. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macduff. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macbeth. Thou lovest labour.
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macduff. Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macbeth. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macduff. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macbeth. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 30
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'
[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.

Malcolm. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siward. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Malcolm. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt: 40
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siward. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of
sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siward. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siward. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death;
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Malcolm. He's worth more sorrow, 50
'And that I'll spend for him.

Siward.

He's worth no more:

They say he parted well and paid his score;
And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head.

Macduff. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where
stands

The usurper's cursed head; the time is free.
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*

Malcolm. We shall not spend a large expense of time ⁶⁰
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands 70
Took off her life,—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

NOTES TO MACBETH.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Adjective	<i>Adj.</i>
Adverb	<i>Adv.</i>
Antony and Cleopatra.....	<i>A. & C.</i>
Dictionary	<i>Dict.</i>
Edition	<i>Ed.</i>
English Grammar.....	<i>Eng. Gram.</i>
Hamlet	<i>Ham.</i>
Julius Cæsar	<i>J. C.</i>
Lady Macbeth	<i>Lady M.</i>
Macbeth	<i>Macb.</i>
Obsolete	<i>Obs.</i>
Shakespeare	<i>Shak.</i>

NOTES.

ACT I.

Scene I. Note the stage setting of this scene.

8. *Graymalkin*. Grimalkin, a gray cat.

9. *Paddock*. A toad.

Scene II.—6. *Say*. Tell. *Broil*. Battle.

9. *Choke their art*. Prevent any skill in the art of swimming by clinging together and hindering each other's movements.

10. *To that*. To that end.

13. *Of kerns and gallowglasses*. With light-armed and heavy-armed foot soldiers from Ireland and the Western Isles.

14. *Quarrel*. Occasion of strife.

19. *Minion*. Favorite one.

22. *From the nave to the chaps*. From the navel to the throat.

25. *Gins*. Begins. The simile here used refers to the conditions attending the spring equinox. Although it marks the approach of a pleasant season, it is attended with dangerous storms.

31. *Surveying vantage*. Seeing his opportunity.

32. *Furbished*. Burnished.

37. *Cracks*. Figure of metonymy.

40. *Memorize*. Make memorable.

41. *I cannot tell*——. Completed, "I cannot tell what they meant to do, if not this."

53. *Cawdor*. "Cawdor Castle is about five miles south of Nairn and about fifteen from Inverness. The royal license to build it was granted by James II., in 1454. There is a tradition that a 'wise man' counseled the Thane of Cawdor to load an ass with a chest full of gold, and to use the money in building a castle at the third hawthorn tree at which the beast should stop. The advice was followed, and the castle built round the tree, the trunk of which is still shown in the basement of the tower. The castle is still in excellent preservation, being used as a summer residence by the Earl of Cawdor."

54. *Bellona's bridegroom.* Bellona, the companion, wife, or sister of Mars. Shak. evidently compares Macbeth to Mars.

Lapp'd in proof. Wrapped or clothed in the armor of proof.

55. *Him.* Antecedent is Norway.

56. *Rebellious.* Resisting.

57. *Lavish.* Unrestrained.

59. *Composition.* (See Dict.)

61. *Saint Colme's Inch.* Inchcolm, an island in the Firth of Forth.

62. *Dollars.* An anachronism.

64. *Bosom interest.* Affection, or intimate concern.

Present. Immediate.

Scene III. Note setting of this scene.

6. *Aroint.* (See Dict.)

Rump-fed. Well fed.

Ronyon. (See Dict.)

7. *Aleppo.* A city in Turkey in Asia. In early times the city was one of the great emporiums of trade between Europe and the East. In *Hakluyt's Voyages* are found accounts of the ship *Tiger* of London making a voyage to Aleppo in 1583.

8. *A sieve.* Used by witches for a boat.

9. *Without a tail.* Witches might take the form of any animal, but the tail would be lacking.

10. *I'll do.* That is, gnaw through the ship's bottom, and wreck it.

11. *I'll give thee a wind.* Witches were supposed to sell winds. The giving was a mark of kindness.

17. *The shipman's card.* The card of the compass.

21. *Forbid.* Under a curse.

33. *Posters.* "Speedy travelers." (Schmidt.)

35. *Thrice-nine.* Three and nine and their multiples were favorite numbers of the witches.

38. *So fair an' foul a day.* Compare I, 1, 11. A reflection of the witches' words is here. Macb. may have referred to the hard fighting and final victories of the day. For him it was both foul and fair, for he was at the height of honest greatness and on the brink of his downfall.

39. *Forres.* A city on the Moray Frith, a few miles from Inverness. Near by it is the "blasted heath." Of this dismal tract of land Knight says: "There is not a more dreary piece of moorland

to be found in all Scotland. It is without tree or shrub. A few patches of oats are visible here and there, and the eye reposes on a fir plantation at one extremity; but all around is bleak and brown, made up of peat and bog-water, white stones, and bushes of furze. The desolation of the scene in stormy weather, or when the twilight fogs are trailing over the pathless heath or settling down upon the pools, must be indescribable."

48. *Glamis*. Pronounced by the Scotch, "Glams." The castle of Glamis and the little village near it are situated north of Perth. The castle was at one time used as the king's residence. In describing it Sir Walter Scott says: "It was the scene of the murder of a Scottish king of great antiquity; not indeed the gracious Duncan, with whom the name naturally associates it, but Malcolm II. It contains also a curious monument of the peril of feudal times, being a secret chamber, the entrance to which, by the law or custom of the family, must only be known to three persons at once—the Earl of Strathmore, his heir-apparent, and any third person whom they may take into their confidence. The extreme antiquity of the building is vouched by the immense thickness of the walls, and the wild and straggling arrangement of the accommodation within-doors."

53. *Fantastical*. That is, creations of the mind, or fancy.

66. *Happy*. Fortunate.

67. *Get*. Beget.

71. *Sinel*. Holinshed thinks this was Macbeth's father.

72-75. *But how of Cawdor?* etc. Cawdor was not prosperous, for he had just suffered defeat as a rebel. There is a suggestion of deceit in Macbeth's language here.

76. *Owe*. Own, or possess.

81. *Corporal*. Now usually written *corporeal*.

82. *As breath into the wind*. An exquisite simile.

84. *On*. Of. See J. C.—I., 2, 71. "Jealous on me."

Insane root. The root causing insanity. Very probably, hemlock is meant. The witches used it in their composition of evil stuffs for a charm.

91. *Thy personal venture*. The combat between Macbeth and Macdonwald.

92-93. *His wonders*, etc. A conflict in the king's mind between his astonishment and his admiration as to which should be greater.

That refers to this conflict. The meaning suggested is that since he cannot decide, he gives up trying.

97. *As thick as tale.* A much-disputed line. The folio has *tale*. Some editors change to *hail*, which was a common expression among early writers.

106. *Addition.* Title.

114. *Wrack.* (See Dict.) See V., 5, 51. "Blow, wind! come, wrack!"

128. *Swelling act.* (See Dict.)

137. *Use of nature.* See J. C.—II., 2, 25. "Beyond all use."

Present fears, etc. Action is checked by the presence of these "horrible imaginings."

147. *Time and the hour.* Time and the proper settlement of things will go on as appointed, outside of man's power.

Scene IV.—10. *Owed.* See I., 3, 76.

11. *There's no art.* There was none for Duncan, who turned without reflection from one traitor to build "an absolute trust" on his successor, the doubly treacherous Macbeth.

39. *Cumberland.* The title of the Crown Prince of Scotland was Prince of Cumberland.

50. *Stars, hide your fires.* Compare Lady M.'s speech, I., 5, 48. "Come, thick night," etc.

Scene V.—2. *Perfectest report.* By the best kind of knowledge,—the fulfillment of their promises having already begun.

5. *Missives.* Those sent; messengers.

14-23. *Yet I do fear,* etc. Here is Lady M.'s estimate of Macbeth's character.

26. *Golden round.* The crown.

27. *Metaphysical.* Here meaning supernatural,—an obsolete use. In reality, the present use of metaphysical is also applicable, for the mind had created this aid.

29. *Thou'rt mad to say it.* Lady M., taken suddenly with the news, loses her self-control. It is madness in Duncan to go straight to his doom; for she knows the coming will result in his death.

36. *The raven.* The bird of ill-omen, hoarse from croaking Duncan's fate.

39. *Mortal.* Deadly.

42. *Remorse.* Relenting pity. A common use of the term by Shak.

47. *Sightless substances.* Invisible forms.

70. *Favour.* Appearance. To wear an altered appearance begets the fear in others that is in oneself.

Scene VI.—7. *Coign of vantage.* An external angle offering a favorable situation.

14. *God 'ield.* God yield.

20. *Hermits.* Beadsmen, praying for you.

26. *In compt.* In account.

Scene VII. This scene opens with one of the finest passages in the whole play. Contrast lines 1-28 with V., 3, 20-28; V., 5, 9-28, 49-52.

4. *His surcase.* Its conclusion.

6. *Bank and shoal of time.* Some critics render, "this bench and school" where "bloody instruction" is taught; *schoole* being the term used in the folios. Others render it *bank and shallow*, as contrasted with the wide deeps of Eternity. The latter is certainly a fine figure.

7. *We'd jump the life to come.* Jump=risk. If there were no retribution to follow guilt in this world, Maeb. would not concern himself about the punishment in the next.

8. *That.* So that.

11. *Commends.* (See Dict.)

17. *Facultics.* (See Dict.)

21. *Like a naked new-born babe,* etc. One of Shak.'s extravagant similes.

22. *Cherubin.* (Obs.)

23. *Sightless couriers.* Invisible couriers. See I., 5, 47.

25. *I have no spur,* etc. Notice the two metaphors in the lines.

35. *Was the hope drunk,* etc. A mixture of metaphors. Hope is first personified, then compared to a garment. The passage is, however, very strong. Lady M. goads her husband on to the murder by calling him a coward not to do it.

45. *The poor cat,* etc. "The cate would eate fishe but would not wet her fete." Heywood's *Proverbs*.

52. *Adhere.* Cohere.

53. *That their fitness.* See J. C.—II., 1, 112. "This our lofty scene."

64. (See Dict.)

65. *That memory,* etc. According to early students of anatomy,

the brain was divided into three parts. In the cerebellum, memory was placed to guard the reason. When, therefore, memory became a fume, the receptacle of reason became an alembic to hold this fume or vaporized memory filling the brain. In such condition, little chance was there for the exercise of the intelligence.

68. *A death.* A kind of death, or deepest sleep.

72. *Quell.* A softer word for murder.

73. *Mettle.* Metal.

80. *Each corporal agent.* All the powers of the body.

ACT II.

Scene I.—14. *Offices.* Servants' quarters.

16. *Shut up.* In measureless content he shut up the jewel in its case. So Hunter decides. Other critics understand it as finishing or concluding the giving "in measureless content."

28. *Franchis'd.* (See Dict.)

62. *The bell invites me.* An arrangement previously made with Lady M.

63. *Knell.* The bell rung when a person was dying.

Scene II.—1. *That which hath made them drunk.* Of the several interpretations of this passage, the clearest one seems to be that Lady M. was stimulated by the night-cup which, drugged, had made drunk the grooms.

3. *Owl.* Always with the English a bird of superstition.

6. *Posssets.* "Hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated biscuit, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd."—*Academy of Armorie.*

23. *That.* So that.

24. *Address'd.* Prepared.

27. *Hangman's.* Executioner's.

31. *But wherefore,* etc. An effort of Macbeth to respect himself still. His mind will soon be too "full of scorpions" for him to ask such questions.

35. *Sleep no more,* etc. See R. G. White, "*The Lady Gruach's Husband.*" Macb. did murder sleep for Lady M. and for himself. See V., 1.

37. *Ravell'd sleeve.* Tangled knitting silk.

38-40. Notice the beautiful metaphors here grouped.

46. *Brainsickly.* Madly.

Go get some water. See V., 1, 58.

56. *Gild*. Paint with blood. Gold was then called *red*, (see II., 3, 94,) and golden blood was a not uncommon term; hence "*gild the faces*."

60. *Will all great Neptune's ocean*, etc. Compare V., 1, 49. "All the perfumes of Arabia," etc.

63. *Making the green one red*. Making the green sea entirely red, all of one color,—red.

67. *A little water clears us of this deed*. The only water that could clear them is that used to typify the inward cleansing, and put on only "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

70. *Nightgown*. A *robe-de-chambre*.

Scene III. The much-discussed Porter, it is conceded by the best critics, belongs to Shak. and not to some play-tinker who put him in to "split the ears of the groundlings." The tension of the audience is here relieved for a moment by this drunken watchman's speech. Shak. understood the need of this, and his hand must have depicted the coarse old Scotchman who guarded the gate.

2. *Old*. A colloquial term.

4. *A farmer*. In 1606 there was promise of unusual crops. Wheat was sold at a lower price than it was at any time during the next thirteen years.

5. *Napkins*. Handkerchiefs.

Enow. Plural of enough.

8. *An equivocator*. Probably Shak. here refers to the Jesuits, who were a powerful order then, and who justified any means to the end of increasing the power of the Pope of Rome.

17. *The primrose way*, etc. See Ham. I., 3, 50. "The primrose path of dalliance."

22. *The second cock*. Three o'clock.

27. *Timely*. The common use of adj. for adv. by Shak.

31. *Physics*. Cures.

33. *Limited*. Set, or appointed.

35-41. Compare with J. C.—I., 3.

The obscure bird. See J. C.—I., 3, 26. "The bird of night."

53. *Gorgon*. (See Dict.)

59. *The great doom's image*. Image or type of the Judgment Day.

74. *Mortality*. Human life.

83. *Badg'd*. Used as a verb but once.

93. *Lac'd*. Ornamented as with lace-work.

Golden blood. See II., 2, 56.

98. *Breech'd*. Sheathed.

100. Although some critics have regarded the fainting of Lady M. as feigned, it seems a truer painting of her character to consider it real. It is the bravery that is feigned. The woman is, in fact, overwhelmed with horror at the whole transaction. From this time on, with one or two ineffectual rallies, she will decline in will-power, and become more and more a prey to remorse.

102. *Argument*. (See Dict.)

104. *Hid in an auger-hole*. In any little unsuspected place.

113. *Pretense*. Intention. (Obs.)

115. *Manly readiness*. The terms *ready*, and *readiness*, imply the condition of being dressed as prepared for immediate action.

122. *The near in blood*, etc. The most nearly related one was the guiltiest one.

Scene IV.—8. *Is't night's predominance*, etc. Is night aggressive, or day ashamed?

12. *Towering—mousing*. Notice contrast between the two adjectives.

15. *Minions*. See I., 2, 19.

24. *Pretend*. See II., 3, 113.

29. *Like*. Likely.

31. *Scone*. This place is now almost unmarked. A little portion of Scone Abbey is still on what is now the estate of the Earl of Mansfield. The famous "stone of Scone," on which the kings of Scotland were crowned, is now in Westminster Abbey, a part of the coronation-seat there.

33. *Colme-kill*. See I., 2, 61 (Note). The island of Iona, west of Scotland, was the earliest seat of Christianity in the north. Here St. Colomba founded a monastery, in 563 A. D. There was an old belief that in the final destruction of the earth Iona would be last to be destroyed. Hence its soil was sacred, and only saints and kings might be buried there. At one time on this island three hundred and fifty carved stone crosses marked tombs of important personages or commemorated their deeds. All but two of these were destroyed in the latter part of the 16th century, by the anti-Catholic power.

ACT III.

Scene I. In the opening of this act, Banquo renounces the evil power of the Weird Sisters forever.

- 13. *All-thing*. Everything.
- 14. *Solemn supper*. An affair of state.
- 43. *While then*. Till then.
Ecstacy. (See Dict.)
- 55. "*My genius*," etc. See A. & C.—II., 3, 19.
- 64. *Fil'd*. Defiled.

67. *Eternal jewel*. Immortal soul. Recall here Macbeth's speech in the beginning of Scene VII., Act I.

71. *Champion me to the utterance*. Fight with me *a outrance*. The term used when the challenge was to mortal combat, not to a mere test of skill.

- 80. *Probation*. Act of proving. (Obs. use.)
- 93. *Clept*. Called.
- 96. *House-keeper*. Watchdog.
- 99. *Addition*. See I., 3, 106.
- 137. *Resolve yourselves*. Decide on your course.

Scene II.—21. *On the torture*. On the torture-rack.

- 27. *Gentle my lord*. My gentle lord.
Sleek. A term applied to the hair.

41. *Cloister'd flight*. Circling about the cloister towers at night-fall.

- 46. *Seeling*. Blinding, a term used in falconry.

Scene III. The third murderer is generally supposed to be Macb. himself.

- 2. *He needs not our mistrust*, etc. We may trust him.
- 10. *Note of expectation*. List of expected guests.

Scene IV.—5. *Her state*. Her chair of state.

14. *'T is better thee*, etc. Differently interpreted. 1. *Thee* (the murderer) without. *He* (Banquo) within. 2. Outside of thee,—that is, the blood,—than within Banquo.

- 23. *Casing*. Enveloping.
- 32. *Ourselves*. Each other.
- 35. *To feed*. Mere eating.
- 36. *From thence*. Away from home.
- 101. *Arm'd*. Armored.

Hyrcan tiger. Hyrcania was a region southeast of the Caspian Sea. The allusion is poetical rather than accurate in fact.

- 105. *Inhabit*. Live, or abide. (See Dict.)

110. *Admir'd.* Strange. The early meaning of the verb was "wonder."

111. *Overcome.* Overshadow.

112. *You make me strange.* You make me a stranger.

119. *Stand not upon the order of your going.* Do not wait to go out in order of your rank, as court etiquette demanded.

123. *Stones.* That is, stones of judgment used by the Druids.

Trees. Probably the allusion here is to the story of Polydorus.

128. *How say'st thou?* What think'st thou of the refusal? etc.

138. *As go o'er.* As going, or to go o'er. See Eng. Gram. on the use of infinitives and participles.

141. *Season.* (See Dict.)

142. *My strange and self-abuse,* etc. My strange self-deception is the fear of the beginner that lacks experience.

Scene V.—7. *Close.* Secret. (See Dict.)

24. *Profound.* Having remarkable properties.

26. *Magic sleights.* Tricks of magic.

32-33. How full of meaning are these two lines, when we reflect on Macbeth's position.

Scene VI. According to the Introduction to this edition, Scene VI closes the first great division of the drama. How admirably it leads up to the last two acts, preparing us at once for the final action of the play. Withal, there is in the scene something of nobility, of loyalty, and of hope, that refreshes the mind reduced by the horror and repellent loathing produced by the two scenes preceding this one.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—3. *Harpier.* Probably a corrupt form of harpy.

8. *Swelter'd venom.* Some naturalists formerly believed that the toad was venomous, and this venom lying underneath the skin, exuded in perspiration.

22. *Mummy.* (See Dict.)

Gulf. Gullet.

23. *Ravin'd.* Ravenous.

27. *Yew.* Considered poisonous.

28. *Eclipse.* An unlucky time.

32. *Slab.* Slimy.

33. *Chaudron.* Entrails.

44. *Pricking*. An ancient belief was that a sudden pricking or sensation of pain in the body that seemed to have no apparent cause, was a sign of some coming event.

59. *Germens*. Germs.

68. The commonly accepted interpretation of the apparitions is that the first represents Macbeth's head cut off by Macduff; the second is Macduff; the third is Malcolm.

84. *Take a bond of fate*. Evidently Macb. does not credit the witches. Why should he harm Macduff if the second apparition has spoken the truth?

88. *The round*. The crown. See I., 5, 26. "The golden round."

93. *Birnam wood—Dunsinane hill*. Birnam village is now a suburb of Dunkeld. Twelve miles distant are the Dunsinane Hills. Only one or two trees at present remain of what was once the great forest of Birnam.

95. *Impress*. Press into service.

96. *Bodements*. Prophecies.

99. *Lease of nature*. "Lease on life."

121. *Two-fold balls and treble sceptres*. Suggestive of the sovereignty over England, Scotland, and Ireland.

123. *Blood-bolter'd*. Boltered is a Warwickshire provincialism, meaning the matting of the hair by perspiration on horses or other animals.

127. *Sprights*. Spirits.

Scene II.—17. *Fits o' the season*. Uncertain condition of the times.

19. *When we hold rumour*, etc. When we believe dreadful things will happen because we fear; yet have no reason to fear, since we have done no wrong.

28. *I am so much a fool*. I am so weak I should cry like a woman, and so be disgraced.

34. *Lime*. Bird-lime.

35. *Gin*. Snare.

Scene III.—3. *Mortal*. Deadly.

4. *Bestride*. Stand up over.

Birthdom. Fatherland.

25. *Perchance*, etc. Perhaps because you left your wife I have cause to mistrust.

26. *Rawness*. Without preparation.

29. *Jealousies*. Suspicions caused by reports from Scotland.
34. *Affeer'd*. Confirmed.
48. *More sundry ways*. In more sundry ways.
52. *Open'd*. Unfolded like buds, following out the figure in "grafted."
58. *Luxurious*. Lustful.
71. *Convey your pleasures*, etc. Indulge secretly.
86. *Summer-secming*. Pertaining to the summer-time of life. Avarice is a life-long vice in contrast to the years of youthful passion.
88. *Foisons*. Rich harvests.
111. *Died every day she lived*. Lived a life of daily self-denial.
134. *Old Siward*. The Earl of Northumberland, father-in-law of Duncan.
145. *Presently*. Immediately.
146. *The evil*. The king's evil, or scrofula. The power of curing this disease was claimed for most of the English sovereigns from Edward the Confessor down to the time of the Hanoverian rule.
152. *Mere*. (See Dict.)
153. *A golden stamp*. A coin hung about the neck of the person cured. A custom observed by the kings who succeeded Edward. It was called the "touch-piece." The one worn by Dr. Johnson, given him by Queen Anne, is now in the British Museum.
172. *Flowers in their caps*. Referring to the custom of the Highlanders, who put sprigs of heather in their caps when on the march.
174. *Too nice*. Too exact.
183. *Were out*. Had taken the field.
184. *Witness'd*. Made credible.
195. *Latch*. Catch. (See Dict.)
196. *Fee-grief*. "A grief that hath a single owner." (Johnson.)
212. *Must be*. It was my fate to be.
220. *Dispute it*. Contend with it. Fight it down.
239. *Put on*. "Set to work." (Schmidt.)

ACT V.

Scene I.—9. *Effects*. Acts.

10. *Actual*. Pertaining to action as distinguished from words.

31-41. In these lines Lady M., seems to live through the murder of Duncan, the butchery of Macduff's family, and the assassination

of Banquo, the three great crimes of Macbeth. The words, "No more o' that," etc., refer to the appearance of Banquo's ghost.

72. *Remove*, etc. To prevent suicide.

74. *Mated*. Bewildered.

Scene II.—5. *Mortified man*. "The veriest ascetic." (Moberly.) "Apathetic, insensible." (Schmidt.)

10. *Unrough*. Beardless.

20. *Now does he feel*, etc. Notice the strength of the simile.

Scene III.—1. *Them*. The thanes.

8. *English epicures*. The Scotch charged the English with being gluttonous.

20. *Push*. Attack.

22. *May*. Johnson suggests May as contrasted to autumn, the time of the "sear and yellow leaf."

35. *Moe*. More. *Skirr*. Scour.

47-56. Notice the change from the *Doctor* to *Seyton* and back again. How nervously Macb. demands his armor put on and then pulled off and brought after him.

Scene IV.—10. *Our setting down*. Beginning of siege.

14. *Our just censures*. Let us wait and see by actual battle how many followers attend Macb. Meanwhile let us be industrious soldiers. Here the truth of Hecate's words, "*Security is mortals' chiefest enemy*," might have been verified.

Scene V.—5. *Forced*. Reinforced.

11. *Fell*. Skin. (See Dict.)

12. *Treatise*. Story.

14. *Direness*. Horror.

42. *Pull in*. Check or rein in.

50. *Estate*. Established order.

Scene VII.—1. *They have tied me*, etc. A figure based upon bear-baiting. The bear was tied to a stake, and a certain number of dogs allowed to make an attack at once upon him. These attacks were called *courses*.

22. *Bruited*. Announced.

24. *Gently*. Easily.

29. *Strike beside us*. Macbeth's people aimed aside to save Macbeth's enemies, and so fought *with* them rather than *against* them.

Scene VIII.—1 *Roman fool*. Referring to the suicide of Brutus and Cassius.

9. *Intrenchment*. (See Dict.)

14. *Angel*. Genius, or ruling spirit.

20. *Palter*. Equivocate.

26. *Upon a pole*. Upon a cloth or poster hung on a pole.

36. *Go off*. Die.

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